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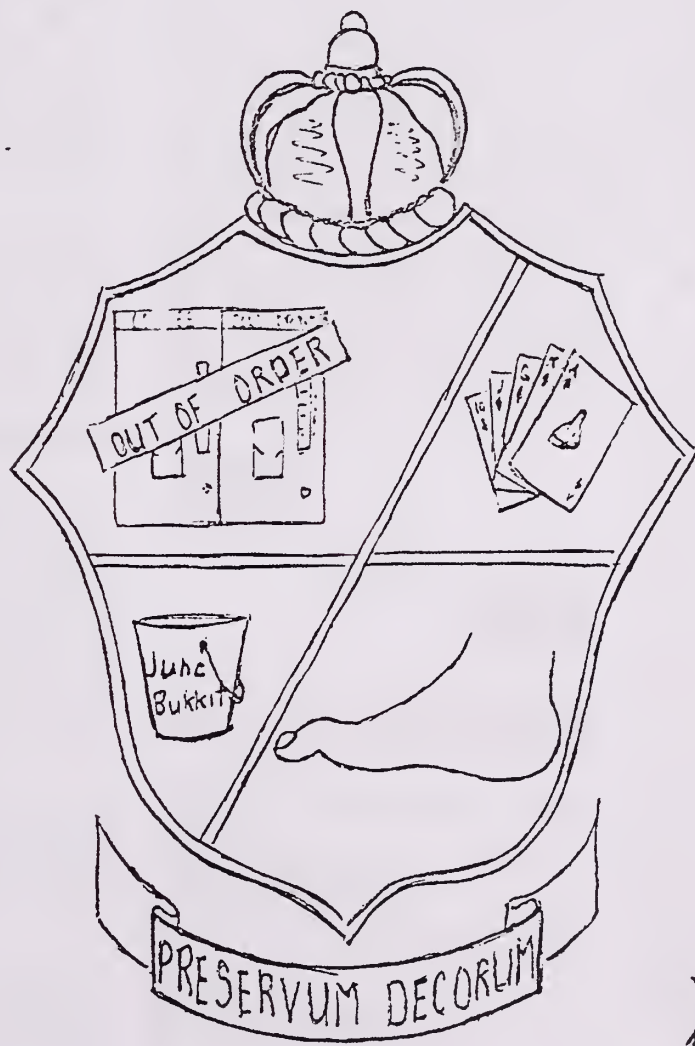
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# INNIS HERALD

VOL. I

NUMBER 3



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## EDITORIAL

### Off the track

One of the very few unique characteristics of Innis College is its multi-faculty commission. It was created with the hope that it could combat the problems of the multiversity-alienation of the student and course specialization.

The tools available to do this monumental task appear vague. Yet, means can be found through a hit-and-miss technique to solve some of these problems. Social and club activities after all, appeal to the student, for he is not only a member of any particular faculty or course, but more important, he is a social animal. Seminars and discussion groups can be organized to overcome specialization by involving students in subject not covered in his course. Invited, knowledgeable speakers, debates and symposiums can be undertaken in an attempt to bring knowledge and awareness to the student and to the university machine.

Last year's multi-faculty commission isolated one of the problems and spent a year studying it. The subject of student academic aid (writing labs, tutorials, etc.) is a problem of great importance and the highly regarded report

of last year's commission is indicative of the work and diligence of its members under the direction of Bill Barclay.

This year's multi-faculty commission has been a failure. The commission has ignored the reason for its existence. Under David Notman, it has undertaken as its year's work a program of high school visitations -- a program now done commendably by the universities' Canadian Union of Students Committee.

We do not doubt that this is an important field of work, deserving of student participation but as mentioned earlier, the multi-faculty commission's work is redundant the field of study for which it was created is in a virginal state on this campus.

We would recommend that at the next meeting of this commission, its members should seriously discuss its "raison d'être" and get itself back on the track before we reach the stage where the multi-faculty college concept becomes a name full of sound and fury signifying nothing. If this is not done, then the executive must take action or deny its birthright of leadership to this college.

### spread experience

By DAVID NOTMAN

The Multi-faculty Commission this year is embarking upon a new project still "under construction" called HIGH SCHOOL VISITATION. In this program the members of the commission will visit three high schools informing the university life. Slides will be shown along with a written talk concerning registration, academic and the social life of university.

The Commission has adopted this program to incorporate the experiences of people in other faculties by giving both a broader outline of university and a fuller understanding of the various faculties.

With the planning of our new quarters will come, I hope, serious planning for the amalgamation of petty differences under an all encompassing Innis whole.

## NOW

and

## THEN

Wed. Feb. 9  
Discussion of book, IN COLD BLOOD,  
6:30, Writing Lab. Two other discus-  
sions to follow on Feb. 23 and March 2.

Thurs. Feb. 10  
Showing of the High School Visitation  
Programme.

Fri. Feb. 11  
High School Visitation.  
Engineering Formal.

Sat. Feb. 12  
Blue and White Semi-formal at Hart  
House.

Mon. Feb. 14  
Valentine's Day  
Reading Week begins.

Thurs. Feb. 17  
ICSS Ski Day at Collingwood.

## SEX... ... and the small college

By KEN STONE

Well friend, you ask me why I eat my lunch in the Emmanuel College common room instead of at Innis where I am a member. No, it's not that I have anything against sex and violence or the New Innis Spirit, in general, but that I prefer the tranquility here at Emmanuel where I can ponder questions of the soul.

You see, it all began when I returned to school after a long illness. Naturally, I dropped in at Innis.

Immediately, I noticed something different: the College had been painted pink. Moreover, over the front door were erected a pair of bunny ears at least 12 feet high.

"What can be the meaning of this?" I wondered to myself, as I stepped inside.

"Rape/" came a scream from the darkness within.

"My word!" I exclaimed as I dashed to the rescue towards the mass of frenzied figures.

Once again came the fearful cry of, "So listen, RAPE!" By the diction I knew the victim to be my old friend, Jane Christie.

"Never fear Jane! I shall rescue you!" I shouted and charged in the fray. With quick blows of my trusty Near Eastern Literature notes I soon dispatched the brutes and found Jane unharmed.

"Alive and in one Lovely piece?" I presumed modestly, expecting to be thanked (dare I say it?) with a kiss.

But she only began to beat me with her garter belt screeching, "Rescue me will you? The very idea, already!"

"But Jane," I pleaded, parrying the blows with my Near Eastern Literature notes, "didn't I just save you from a fate worse than death?"

Whereupon she burst out laughing so hysterically that she fell to the floor and passed out.

"I say," I said.

Perplexed and shaken I decided  
(continued on page 5)



# INNISIDE

paul culliford

At the first meeting of the new year the ICSS Executive got down to business and made decisions on a multitude of topics from card-playing to crest-choosing including the TRENT exchange, a high school visitation programme and birth control.

The Trent Exchange during the Winter Carnival (Feb. 11-13) will see thirty students from Peterborough invade Innis College. Those readers who were with us last year will fondly remember our invasion of Trent last spring. The traditional basketball and hockey games will be contested during the weekend. Anyone wishing to put up our guests Friday and Saturday nights should forward his or her order to Bev. Cross or a member of the Social Committee.

The MULTI-FACULTY Commission announced plans to visit three Toronto-area high schools early in February. Members of the expedition will present slide series depicting facilities at U. of T. such as the library, reading rooms, lecture halls, cafeterias and Bloor Collegiates.

As space in this year's undergraduate section of the *Torontonensis* is at a premium (\$200/page), Innis College will not have a section in the U. of T. year book.

Designs for an Innis CREST are currently being displayed on the ICSS Exec. Bulletin Board. Comments and suggestions will be welcomed.

A motion to extend card-playing in the college between the hours of 12:00 and 2:00 to include all day Friday failed for lack of majority. However, at the next meeting, it was decided that the card-playing motion would go to referendum.

The Executive jumped the gun again. Last Tuesday it passed without any formal discussion, a motion supporting the S.A.C. stand on the U.C. Lit's birth control programme. The hitch was that

S.A.C. didn't take a stand on the birth control programme until the next night Wednesday. In effect, we gave SAC a "blank cheque", whether we meant to or not. At the next meeting, an "ad hoc" committee of the Education committee was established to investigate the possibility of holding a symposium on all the aspects of birth control in the College.

In delivering the student-staff committee report, Miss McMahon complained about the misuse of the ICSS office. I can understand and am in sympathy with her complaints, however, I believe she

could have approached the individual offenders before bringing the matter before the executive, and that her threat to withdraw use of the office in future was an extreme and uncalled-for measure. The birth control decision further incurred Miss McMahon's wrath. She took this occasion to call the Executive an ill-informed group who should "read their Varsities, open their eyes and leave the common room occasionally." I have tried to do my duty as a conscientious reporter and it is my hope that this article will not strain executive-administration relations.

## STRICTLY SPEAKING

The relationship between the administration and the students of Innis has been the warmest and most sagacious of any on campus. The administration has treated us as adults, capable of making responsible decisions for ourselves. The students who have accepted this invitation have shown increased maturity which must come from such an arrangement. The end result has been a better student and individual and hopefully a better college. Yet, there is a fly in the ointment.

At the first Innis College dinner, we were given a generic, historical description of the conception and evolution of our college. During this dissertation, the rôle of midwife was bestowed upon our assistant registrar, Miss Mary Pat McMahon. Time has proven her title inaccurate, for as we all know, Miss McMahon has become the campus mother of the students of Innis College.

The impression which we have received of Miss McMahon can best be seen by citing a few examples. As the seated member of the faculty, representative on our executive, she has shown

her den mother attitudes--that card playing is evil and the executive must stamp it out in our college and protect the student from himself because after all, the student is a child. She has chastised the executive for rubber-stamping when they voted to support the U.C. motion regarding birth control lectures. Finally, it was our assistant registrar who promoted the holding of a prep-school woman's tea.

We cannot have any true ill will against Miss McMahon because how can anyone, in our free, democratic, capitalistic society hate a mother. It is rather a feeling of annoyance that we can express in being considered too immature, and too over-protected. It's a big world outside and the student must learn to fend for himself even if it means tripping over his own feet and getting a bloody nose.

Please, Miss McMahon, let go of the apron strings.

*Ed. note: The opinion expressed in this article is not necessarily that of the ICSS.*

# \* What is this thing called Jug?

Tubby Fat's Original Allstar Downtown Syncopated Big Rock Jug Band

"It is physically impossible to produce more than one, or at the most two or three tones from a jug."

--- J. G. Fox, Professor of Physics, Carnegie Institute of Technology.

Since 1925, jug bands in America have ignored this law. Although its devotees claim it is not habit forming, Jug Band Music has spread its "malignant tentacles" into the "remotest" corners of "North" America--even to Toronto, Ontario. All jug bands spring from the same origins; no-one, however, knows why (not even Allan Lomax or Sam Charters.) What we do know is that they are, "Asupertrendy pacey" and as "with it" as can be. A typical jug band utilizes washtub bass, kazoo, french harp, autoharp, mouthharp, echo harp, in harp, A-harp, marine band harp, outharp, chromatic harp, valve harp, mouth organ, as well as fiddle, mandolin, guitar, washboard, and jug to produce a distinctive sound.

Lyrics such as "I got myself a razor, got myself a gun, gonna shoot you if you stand, carve you if you run" have a certain nihilistic appeal after the Jordan River with the bodies floating. It is anarchistic rather than constructive, avaricious, never self-sacrificing--"I go to a private hospital with a hundred private beds, I got a private cemetery to bury my dead". Sex is present in innuendo or double meaning, with the singer usually boasting of his prowess--"It was in the courtroom with the first degree, the judge's wife says - 'let that man go Free'--he's the Jelly Roll Baker, bakes the best Jelly Roll in town, he's the only man can jelly, with his damper down."

The songs are involved in the physical world; some are emotional blues like "Lonely One in Town" or Goin' to Germany", others are funny "He's in the Jailhouse Now" or angry "She's no good". This is the spirit that has caused the contemporary revival in Jug Bands, the spirit of "good-time music."

# \* Enter Innis: stage right

By JOHN BAYLY

An old man gazed out the window; his wife sat like a crooked stick in a chair in the middle of the room. Only the day before I had known them, spoken with them. Now I did not know them; they were different people, and I soon forgot that I had ever known them. It is a strange experience to see people you know well on stage before you, since they must transcend their own personalities in front of their friends.

Jack Newman and Marianne McCallum certainly did this in their performances in *THE CHAIRS*, a tragic farce by Ionesco performed in the Hart House Drama Festival on Saturday, January 22.

The theme, centered around an old man's significance despite his obscurity and inability to communicate, is intentionally clouded - common in theatre of the absurd - and one of the failures of the performance was that, in places, it did not move quickly enough to tie the dialogue to the theme.

Mr. Newman turned in a strong performance and his gesticulation was especially good. There is a power in his hands which creates a credible conflict

with the senility which the old man sees creeping upon him.

Mrs. McCallum, who plays the part of the old man's wife showed an understanding of her part and moved with relative ease from the motherly position she assumes at the beginning to the disciple she becomes by the end. The fact that she missed a number of cues gave the play a slight jerkiness, but on the other hand, it cut it down to a more acceptable length. Her back ailment seemed somewhat overdone, especially when it was remarkably cured by a good pinch on the bottom.

The direction by Catherine Harris and Marnie Underwood showed promise, though their choice for a first production was perhaps a bit ambitious. They showed a good sense of character balance, but seemed to fall down somewhat on their development of the theme. Some of this we can blame on Ionesco, but not all.

However, for a first production it was startlingly good. I look forward with interest to the Innis Drama Society's next production.



# SEX . . . (continued)

that the remedy was a cup of coffee. And so I picked my way toward the coffee machine over the dark forms of people indulging in, what may only be called, un-Innis activities.

"Poor naked wretched," I observed with a Lear.

"It's twelve o'clock!" somebody shouted.

"Whoopee! Break out the decks! Open the Casino!" exclaimed another.

I was bowled over and trampled in the rush to the coffee area. I got up and stumbled towards the coffee machine only to find that it had been converted into a self-service still. I wearily sat down at the nearest table.

"Deal ya' in for fifty. Gaim is draw poker," said a rather tough-looking character on my left.

"Really," I said, "I'd much rather sit this one out, if you don't mind."

He opened his jacket to reveal a wicked looking revolver and said "I mind."

"Deal me in," I replied.

He shuffled the cards from hand to hand, smacked down the deck on the table in front of me and ordered, "Cut!"

"I beg your pardon!" I retorted.

"Never mind," he remarked and dealt the cards. My hand was a royal flush, ace high.

"OK Smitty," said Tough to the fellow across from me, "Whadda ya' got?"

"Three queens."

"Oh yeah? I got three johnnies," replied Tough. "Draw!"

They drew revolvers and fired. Smitty collapsed to the floor, a bullet through the mouth.

"Well, he loses on the draw. He gets a bullet through the chops and he loses his stakes. Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Tough smacking me mightily on the back. "Get it, Stone? Chops and stakes? Ha! ha!"

"Ha! Ha!" I agreed politely.

"Your turn," Tough reminded me, poking his revolver in my ribs. "Whadda

ya' got?"

"Would you believe a pair of sixes?" I offered.

"Never!" he yelled and commenced firing.

Luckily, I was wearing my Near Eastern Literature notes over my heart and so I escaped into the common room, unharmed, and with more holy passages in them than when I came.

"O tempus! O mores!" I lamented into the gloom.

"What's the matter?" came a sweet voice from behind me.

"At last," I thought, "a clean, wholesome Innis-type girl."

But upon turning around, I saw a young girl dressed only in a pair of bunny ears.

"Woe! Alas!" I cried, shielding my eyes from the sight. "Where have gone the innocent college of mine youth?"

"Well," she began in a modest tone, "everybody was calling us Innis students apathetic, high-schoolish, and prudish, even the Innis Bearhold."

"They told us to get off our apathies and live..So we did. And guess what?"

"What?" I asked fascinated.

"It's fun!" she shouted as she thrust us both down on a nearby couch.

Just then sirens roared, searchlights bloomed in the darkness, and the burp of machine guns filled the air. I thought it was all in my head until part of the wall fell down.

"What's happening?" I shouted, holding on to her for dear life.

"Well," she explained nonchalantly in the midst of the holocaust. "The administration didn't approve, so the Students Society seceded from the College. This here business is just Professor Payzant trying to get to his office. He tries it two or three times a day."

Then she pressed herself tightly against me and pleaded, "But don't fight it, Ken, It's bigger than the both of us."

I took a good look at her, said, "I doubt that", and struggled to free myself of her evil embrace. Off we tumbled from the couch and rolled along the floor.

"What's the big idea?" she asked.

"Well," I offered, "A rollin' Stone gathers no moss."

"True," she admitted, "And one good turn deserves another."

Just then a providential hand grenade exploded not five feet away and blew us apart. I landed in front of the ICSS office.

"At last", I sighed, "a place where decorum, above all else, is reserved. And I dashed inside to phone the campus police and report this anti-social behaviour."

When two constables finally arrived I burst into the common room shouting, "Arrest them all, officers of the law! They are immoral! They are cheaters, bootleggers, and murderers! Worse yet, it's one minute past two o'clock and they're still playing cards!"

"So where's the anti-social behaviour?" asked the constables.

"It's him!" cried the bunny girl pointing at me, "He hasn't got the New Innis Spirit!"

"School spirit, school spirit, school spirit ... " they all chanted as the constables beat me rhythmically with their billies.

There was only one way out and I used it. "Rape!" I screamed at the top of my lungs.

In the confusion, of the grabbing for partners, I freed myself of the constables and escaped out of the side door of the College, where Tex clubbed me with her broom and called me a communist.

And so, friend, since that very day, I come here to Emmanuel College at one o'clock instead of to that boiling cauldron of sins of the flesh, Innis College.

Here I can relax as I eat my lunch, pondering the virtues of asceticism in this quiet atmosphere and reading my Near Eastern Literature notes in peace.

# WOMAN'S WORK

By C. SHERRY KELNER

Women of the world, arise! We are in the midst of a revolution. This, in essence, is the basis of the "Friedan Manifesto" as related to about fifty students attending a lecture sponsored by the College of Jewish studies of Beth Tzedec Synagogue.

The speaker is Betty Friedan, a modern day suffragette. She is the author of a best-selling book entitled "THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE".

Mrs. Friedan's revolution involves a break from the traditional concept of women's roles in our society. We have been "brainwashed" says Mrs. Friedan, by the feminine mystique, illustrating her point with the epigram, "you're nothing or nobody until Mrs. Somebody." This mystique has forced women into feminine strait jackets. The time comes continues Mrs. Friedan, when a woman of 25 or 35 or 45 wakes up and realizes that romance is not everything. Her children are at school, her husband has other interests and the wife suddenly asks herself "what am I?" In most instances she doesn't know and tries to find an answer in the form of tranquilizers. After 45, there is no productivity for women because of their preconceived image of the woman as a youthful thing, and so from here, the woman sits around and contemplates death because

she is no longer young.

Another aspect of the mystique involves the traditional attitudes toward women. Woman has been thought of as a sex object, a wife and a homemaker but never has she been described in terms of a person. A woman's life can be lived in a ghetto of diaper and dishpans until she can go beyond the feminine mystique and feel as a person.

There is often a fuzzy or blank feeling when women are confronted with making a choice about their lives. Women who become scientists or senators may be considered as "sexless freaks", nevertheless, they have made a choice. Some women try to evade a choice of identity by taking the easy way out, i.e. early marriages for the wrong reasons. Once, however, a choice is made, the blank feeling disappears and some dimension of happiness found.

Mrs. Friedan concluded her lecture with these words: "Women must relate to men not only as lovers, but as fellow creatures."

As a sidenote, Mrs. Friedan also mentioned that there was a "masculine mystique". As an example, she cited the long hair trend among men today. This is not a sign of homosexuality, she stated, but a need for men to break out their masculine strait jackets.

At the end of the lecture, I got up and put on my coat all by myself.

## sportshorts

By D. J. TRAFFORD

The Innis basketball team has been losing games consistently. The real problem is not in ability, as the score board shows, but in refereeing. The losses that the team has encountered are by scores varying from 2-3 points. Gerry Sternberg, of football fame, has elected to referee all games that Innis plays. Consequently, poor calls on disputed fouls have resulted in 3 losses to 1 win. In the next few weeks, Innis is scheduled to play several games and it will be interesting to note if Sternberg will continue to ref the games. If he does, then Innis can count on a few more losses by very close scores.

The first HOCKEY team managed only one win out of 3 games. The obvious change was noted in Innis' 5-4 victory over a previously undefeated New College team. Bud Patrick is scoring consistently for the team. The second hockey team played Law in their first post Christmas match and lost 8-0. The captain of Innis, triple threat ROZEN, said after the game that he was embarrassed to say exactly how he felt. The best shot of the game award went to Joe UYEDE who, in the second period, let go with one of the hardest wrist shots ever seen in Varsity Arena.

WATER POLO, led by Howard Johnson, is guiding the team to what is hoped to be a winning season.

CURLING and SQUASH are swinging.

## Tutorials

Many of the tutors are now available to students of both first and second years for individual consultation. For example, Mr. Brett is prepared to discuss with individual students problems arising out of the lectures and essay topics in Political Economy and Economics. To make an appointment with any of the tutors, please see Mr. King in the Writing Lab.

## Carnivals

The recent white deluge from above is taken as a very good omen indeed by the University of Toronto's Blue and White Society, one social committee

which relies more heavily than most on the daily prognostications of Toronto's weather bureau. Producers of the Society's forthcoming Winter Carnival outdoor events entered Tuesday's meeting radiating smiles which belied the chilly temperatures.

As long as sub-freezing temperatures prevail, the ice-sculpturing contest, participated in by the numerous faculties and fraternities, will assuredly be a success. Ice-sculpturing, however, is only one of the many activities which rely on the whims of mother nature. This year's Carnival, while retaining traditional elements such as the Ice Palace on the front campus of the univer-

sity, will also feature such adventurous new endeavours as a skating party on the Credit River and a Quebec-style street dance.

Although the annual carnival is organized primarily for the students of the university, a general invitation is extended to anyone.

## INNIS HERALD

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